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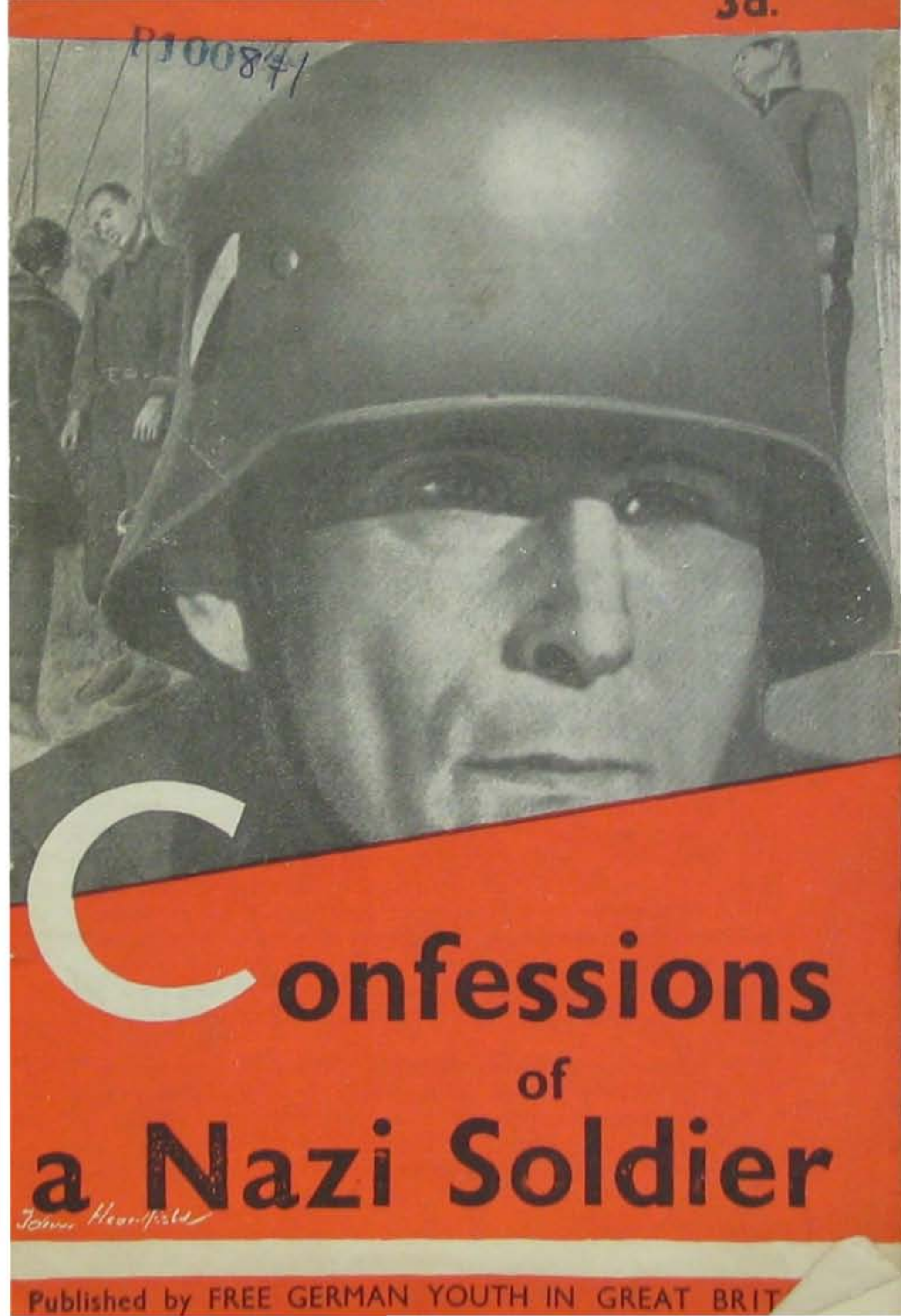
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10 years training for barbarism / Werner Fisher.



Who We Are

The Free German Youth, established in Great Britain in 1939, just before war broke out, is an organisation of young people who have many things in common and who are yet very different from one another. We all are refugees from Germany. Some left because of racial persecution, at present carried out much more ruthlessly than ever before. Others left for political reasons. They were conscious of the brutality of fascism and knew to what catastrophe it would finally lead. From the very beginning, ten years ago, they had fought Hitler with admirable courage; as a consequence, many suffered from a terror which is only known by its application through the Nazis.

We all are active anti-fascists. In the factories we work next to you. Our lads serve with H.M. Forces in the Pioneer Corps. In the streets, on the fields and in hospitals you find us practising our faith. This faith is the great thing which binds us together. This faith in victory over the enemy who has harassed us since childhood, who tortures Europe to-day and who threatens with the extermination of whole nations. As witnesses and as victims we have pledged ourselves to help, more, to give our utmost towards the goal of the Allies, the destruction of fascism.

This, I hope, gives you an idea of who and what we are. Though we are right amongst you, you hardly know how we live. The parents of most of us are still in Nazi-occupied territory, we are uncertain where they are, uncertain how they are and even uncertain whether they are still alive. We are here alone, dependent on ourselves, often regarded as strangers and confronted with prejudice. The life of a young refugee is not easy and the necessity for company is great. Now, since for all youth there is one thing at stake which I tried to stress in the beginning, we get together, we try to make the acquaintance of more young refugees to mobilise them, to make them participate in the war which will, we hope, put an end to misery, save our friends and relatives in Europe and secure a happy free and peaceful world, based upon international friendship in days to come.

The publication of this pamphlet, as you will by now realise, is one of the duties, a part of our responsibility as people who know fascism, who have experienced it, who are really in a position to warn you, to draw your attention more and more towards the dangers which will confront all of us if we do not pour every ounce

of energy into the common effort. These dangers are well described in the pamphlet in your hands. Hitler will not treat anybody differently. The extermination of all freedom loving peoples is a certainty if we lose.

We young anti-fascist refugees from Germany desire your friendship, desire a strong unity with British youth in order to lay a foundation for international friendship and, what counts even more at present, to unite for victory.

HORST BRASCH
*Chairman of the Free
German Youth of Great Britain.*

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SOLDIER

This story was sent to us by special cable from the Soviet Antifascist Youth Committee in Moscow. It is fully authenticated by this body. The original confession of Rudolf Dietrich is in its possession.

November 13th, 1941, was a very lucky day for Gefreiter Rudolf Dietrich of the 55th Tank Company of the 5th Armoured Division. For on that day with very many other Hitlerites he was taken prisoner by the Red Army in the bitter fighting round Kamenka.

Lance Corporal Dietrich was a good German soldier. Tall, blue-eyed, flaxen haired he was a prototype of what his Fuehrer likes to think is the master-race. Blind obedience to command; disregard of human life and suffering—(other peoples' lives and suffering that is)—: a brutal beast trained to torture—a sloppy sentimentalist when he thought of the folks back home; this was one of the hordes who had plundered and pillaged his way across Europe at the instance of his semi-God—the Fuehrer; this was one of the hordes who had lost his youth in that first winter in Russia. . . .

Gefreiter Dietrich then, was a very ordinary German soldier. And even if he did suffer from dysentery and a bad pus-infected leg in which he could not interest his Army doctors—so were many of his fellow-barbarians when they were captured by the Russians.

But in the cool wards of the hospital and the calm of the prisoner of war camp a curious change came over the loud and bully from Prussia.

The human treatment he met there—a thing the Nazis despise and sneer at—had its effect; Gefreiter Dietrich began to thaw, he became a human being again; he began to listen, then to think and finally—8 months later—to talk:

He talked about what he had seen at the front; he told a stumbling, incoherent sort of story:

"In the first part of October," he said, "our company was quartered in a small village some hundred and fifty kilometres from Minsk. One day our Company Commander—Oberleutnant Regenberger sent Sergeant Regenberger, Winkelmann and myself to Minsk to act as billet-sergeants.

As we were driving along the road we met several columns of Russian prisoners, about fifty men per column; although the weather was cold the men walked barefooted and were dressed in ragged Red Army uniforms. Some carried logs and others legs of fallen horses. We stopped and had a good look at the prisoners. Several of them seemed to suffer from dysentery and had to make for the ditch by the roadside. The guards with them motioned them to go ahead without allowing them to finish their business by the ditch. Several guards started hitting the prisoners with rifle-butts as hard as they could. All but two of the men got up. These two were too weak and exhausted although they did their best. The guards got impatient: "Why don't you shoot these beasts . . ." said one. "Fire . . . damn you, fire!" shouted another. One guard aimed and fired: the two prisoners fell down dead. One had just enough strength left to crawl towards his comrades biting the earth with his teeth.

"Impertinence!"

Driving on a little further we ran into a traffic-jam because there had been a head-on collision. Sergeant Regenberger went up to the guard of another column of prisoners for help. The senior guard gave him ten prisoners. Regenberger led them to the lorries and ordered them to clear the road. A large crowd of soldiers had collected, all shouting at the sweating prisoners all working as hard as they could . . . telling them to put some guts into it. Sergeant Regenberger lost his temper: he went up to each of the ten prisoners, slapped his face, trod on his bare toes, and you know what our iron-shod boots are like. And then one of the poor chaps caught sight of one of our drivers eating a sandwich. He was so famished, poor man, he could stand it no longer . . . so pointing to his mouth he looked at the driver and gesticulated.

The soldier jumped down from his lorry and hit the Russian in the mouth: "Impertinence!" he said.

Finally the road was cleared and we continued on our way. At another hold-up later I got talking with a guardsman of a crack division called Fuehrerwien or Fuehrer's Vienna. He was part of a garrison quartered near Minsk. He had a skull and crossed bones badge on his collar, and as a tank man I also wore the black uniform with the skull, but with red docketts and without bones. The guardsman thought I was one of them. I said I was surprised how weak the Russian prisoners were.

"We Know How . . ."

"You haven't been in Russia long, I can see that alright," said the guardsman. "There are camps for those beasts near Minsk. We know how to treat them. Our commissar of the Gestapo is in Borisov now. He has forty Jews from Minsk brought to him every morning. He makes the Jews dig their graves and then shoots them from behind in such a way that they tumble straight into the pit." He gave a loud guffaw and continued: "You see, the whole art of the game is to shoot them just right—so they fall into their graves exactly. He's got hundreds of them that way. Our commissar isn't particularly squeamish. . . . When he can't get his regular quota of forty men a day he takes women, and when he can't get women he takes children; it makes no difference to him. Sometimes our fellows get tired of taking aim and the bullets hit the bone or the fleshy part of their bodies. Of course they don't die immediately then; but usually they get crushed by others falling on top of them and gradually they all die. And before we shoot the next lot we make them shovel in the old graves—so that if anyone isn't dead . . . Yes we know how to do it alright. You see, they are crushed to death by the other corpses falling on top of them."

Clearing Mines

Another time when we were near Minsk we saw billboards, white screen with skulls drawn on them, all along the road. These signs mean that the road is not clear of land mines and all vehicles must move along a narrow lane in the road. I'd heard before that mysterious partisans mine our roads and that our transport is blown up as a result. We came across a group of Russian prisoners

clearing the ground of mines left on the highway. They were directed by a corporal. I thought then of instructions we received in Berlin before leaving for the Eastern Front. They said that should we be taken prisoners we must refuse to do such work as clearing land, roads or fortifications of mines because this is contrary to international law. The corporal in charge of the prisoners was standing well clear of the road behind cover and screamed at the prisoners: "Search, damn you, search!" The prisoners were walking over the grass drawing behind them a stick with a nail at the end.

Quite a group of soldiers had collected watching the Russians at work. They shouted at them and said: "Wouldn't it be nice if one of them blew up. There wouldn't be much left of the bastards."

When we finally arrived at Minsk we found the city in ruins. All remaining buildings had been requisitioned for German troops. In the commandant's office we were advised to drive a little further to a Prisoners' Camp three kilometres from Minsk which had some empty buildings.

When we arrived at the camp we saw several rows of barbed wire fences. People behind them were lit up in silhouette by searchlights. The colonel in charge of the camp consented for our company to be quartered in a large barracks just outside the camp. There was a certain amount of work to be done to put it in order, and the colonel said: "Why don't you take some prisoners along to help you?"

"Just Shoot!"

I entered the camp which was divided into two sections: one for Ukrainians and the other for Russians. An enormous poster hung over the Ukrainian section: LONG LIVE THE GERMAN UKRAINE. The poster was in German. The prisoners looked very famished and starved, and stared at me with fear. I requested the senior guard to let me have ten prisoners. He just grabbed ten men nearest to him and as they were passing through the barbed wire fence he made it his business to clip each prisoner smartly over the head with the butt of his sub-machine-gun. "If they try any funny business," growled the guard, "don't shout at them. Just shoot at once." "Supposing one of them just wants to relieve himself?" I asked. "Just don't say anything," said the guard, "shoot!"

When the prisoners had finished the work for us I returned them to the camp. As they were entering the camp-ground the last one made two steps aside staggering slightly. It seemed to me he was dizzy from hunger. Suddenly the guard shouted at the top of his voice: "Escape! He's escaping!"

Any sane man could see that the prisoner had made no such attempt and couldn't escape, even if he'd wanted to, as he was already inside the barbed wire enclosure. But the guard produced a flexible iron whip—a sort of metal tube with a leather strap attached to the hand. The tube is like a steel-tape with links of steel in it. With the whip the guard slashed at the prisoner—who fell at the first blow. His comrades picked him up, but the guard began beating them too. The skin of their backs tore at the second or third blow.

I thought this would be the end of the matter, but as it turned out the prisoner was reported as having attempted to escape. He was confined in a special barracks reserved for such cases. There was an overwhelming smell of human excrement about this barracks. Inside it was small, practically dark—and the prisoners were tied in two's to narrow benches lining the barracks in such a cunning way that only part of their bodies was in contact with the bench, the rest was hanging in the air.

The prisoner was brought into the room. An N.C.O., a big brute of a man, and an interpreter entered shortly afterwards and the prisoner was tied to another man of a bench. The N.C.O. roared at the prisoners, cowering in terror: "They know what's in store for them, the swines!" Then he planted himself squarely in front of the prisoners who had attempted to escape. This N.C.O. knew exactly three words of Russian which he shouted at the prisoner. After each word he calmly and very carefully hit the Russian in the face aiming now at his eye, then his chin, then his nose and repeated his three words again and again. The prisoner's face very soon lost its normal shape. The N.C.O. seemed to be enjoying himself, and each time the Russian collapsed he carefully put him on his feet again. The German seemed to regard the Russian like a punching bag. This treatment lasted for about ten minutes.

I then left the camp with the other two men of my company; but as we left we saw the interpreter lead the prisoner through the barbed wire fence. A few minutes later he returned alone and stated in businesslike tones that the prisoner had been liquidated.

I said I was surprised you could treat prisoners of war in such a manner. The interpreter said this was the usual thing here. "This is the rear, not the front . . . How about a glass of beer, eh?"

The Streets of Smolensk

Half way through October when we were already at the front our company was to receive new tanks. I was detailed with some others to go to Smolensk for new machines. I saw a great deal of Smolensk driving around in my tank. One awful thing I saw I shall never forget: On the main streets and in the doors of buildings people were sitting, motionless with their arms crossed. Civilians passing them looked straight past them, some covered their faces and wept. I got out of my tank and had a look at one of the people: They were dead! Corpses, with Red Army uniforms on were sitting in lifelike postures at the entrances to several houses. But in the backstreets there was no such order. Dead men weren't sitting but sprawled on their stomachs, arms outstretched and a hole in the back of their necks. It wasn't a pleasant sight, I can tell you.

That, as I said, was in October, 1941. But the mistreatment of Russian prisoners of war continues to-day. I'm convinced of that. Most of the German prisoners arriving in this camp—and there are quite a few arriving every day—have seen things as I've described quite recently."

A Human Being Again

When Corporal Dietrich was asked why he had kept silence for eight months and why he had decided to talk just now about these atrocities, Dietrich said:

"I don't know. I suppose I really felt I was part of those committing these atrocities. I didn't want to be different from all the other prisoners, and they kept silence. So I kept silence, too.

"I only spoke because . . . well, it's difficult to explain. It was mostly the way I was treated by you, my former enemies. When I became ill with dysentery, for instance, I was taken to hospital and treated like a human being. That's what made me talk. Clean sheets, clean bedding, clean clothes . . . Frau Doctor came and visited me three times a day . . . and not only did she treat me for dysentery, but she looked after my wounded leg as well; fresh bandages every night; there was a nurse on duty day and night in our ward. And I wasn't the only one: everyone of us, who'd been fighting against you without mercy was looked after in that humanitarian manner. Humanitarianism . . . that was a word none of us knew. In the Russian prisoners of war camp I saw what the back-side of that word could mean. What a beast I was to look calmly on while they were mistreating the

prisoners at Minsk. . . . But I don't like to talk of that any more—I feel ashamed. Anyway, I recovered and am quite well now. I have got enough free time now to think. I hadn't really spent a long time on that front, but long enough to see burning villages. In Roslavl and Volokolamsk we saw hanged people everywhere. It was ghastly. In the city they'd even hanged them on telegraph poles with stupid inscriptions like: 'These are partisans who burned down the homes of their fellow-countrymen.' It seems to me, that if you wrote down all the outrages committed by the German Army it would fill volumes.

"Of course, the German Propaganda Ministry will say that there is no such man as Rudolf Dietrich. But I tell you they can't get away with it. Rudolf Dietrich exists and is very much alive. I'm 24 years old. My father is a pianomaker, my mother comes from a peasant family. My address is Niebuhrstrasse 39, second floor, Charlottenburg, Berlin. My comrades, if any of them are still alive, will recognise my photograph. I know what I'm doing. And I also know that what I'm doing is in the future interests of Germany.

"My father is a Catholic. Perhaps you know what he is thinking. He has blue eyes, and I can imagine him looking at me this very minute. I'm engaged to a girl back home. She is a student; her name is Irmgardt. Truth is respected in her family. Hitler put her brother in a concentration camp for distributing illegal leaflets. I expect Irmgardt will be rather surprised to hear that I've become interested in politics. We paid little attention to politics at home when we were together. I said that politics didn't concern us. Why should they? We were all right, I was earning a hundred and fifty marks a week at the Siemens Plant as radio engineer. But now, that I've been brought face to face with the war I can't be indifferent to politics and I can't any longer keep silence. I'm sure my girl will understand. . . .

"I Fight for the Honour of Germany"

"After all the outrages I've seen I no longer consider myself bound to Hitler's Germany. I'm even angry I have to wear this uniform here in camp. The only way to vindicate this uniform is to fight for the honour of Germany—and that is to fight against Adolf Hitler. I'm ready for such a fight. That's why I'm making this statement now . . . My signature will confirm it."

Signed: RUDOLF DIETRICH.

November 13th, 1941, was a lucky day for Corporal Dietrich. One day, he hopes to see his sweetheart, Irmgardt, again. But

only after Adolf Hitler and all his followers have been annihilated, and Germany has been cured from the obsession of an ideology of sadism, blood and hate.

Many other German prisoners of war now in Russian hands are being prepared for the fight against Fascism in Germany itself. The Nazis will find their end, not only before Stalingrad and Leningrad; not only in the hot sands of the African desert or the fertile fields of France, but also finally in the heart of Germany itself. And prisoner Dietrich is being trained to revert to a normal human being, fighting for the decencies of life. As we said, Corporal Dietrich is a very lucky man.

250 HITLER YOUTHS AGAINST HITLER

This appeal of German prisoners of war in Soviet camps to the German Army is signed exclusively by members of the Hitler Youth. The document shows a remarkable development of these prisoners who had every opportunity of free discussion. At the same time it is an interesting approach to Nazi youth in an attempt to talk reason to them.

Comrades, Soldiers at the front!

We joined the army as members of the Hitler youth, and as front-line soldiers we went through a hard trial. Blinded by the initial successes of the German Army, we did not see that we went to our inevitable ruin. War seemed to us to be a promenade in which all the treasures and pleasures of life would fall to our lot. Now we have seen that the path on which we went so far was the wrong path. To-day we know that we have been deceived.

We believed in the tremendous possibilities which Hitler promised us. We believed Hitler because the youth had been given work, because sport had been furthered. We dreamed of life full of creative and constructive work. We wanted to be free and happy. We believed in a German "people's community" without the gaping contrast of poor followers and rich leaders. But it was not life and happiness, it was terrible, everlasting war and mass graves that Hitler brought us.

Late Realisation

Now it is clear to us that we were sent to the factories in order to forge weapons for death and destruction. We were given the

chance to learn a profession, in order to be able to handle lorries, panzers, guns and planes. We were sent for rambles, not in order to enjoy the beauties of nature or get to know our Fatherland, but in order to train us for marching.

We were allowed to practise sport, but not in order to make us strong and healthy, but in order to prepare for the march to death. Every free thought was pressed into the strait-jacket of innumerable rules, regulations and bans.

What has remained of all our hopes? We believed with all the enthusiasm of youth in the national and social regeneration of Germany. We did not see that our national will was being misused by the enemies of our own country, the noble gentlemen, the bankers and plutocrats, in order to turn us into blind tools for a war of robbers. The war has opened our eyes. We know now that Hitler, Goering, Rosenberg and Schirach have sold themselves to the old powers of war and reaction. They have turned away from them because they plunged Germany into a predatory war in which she finally must be defeated.

Despair of Victory

On the threshold of the fourth war year it becomes as clear as daylight that the German army has got stuck in southern Russia and cannot force a decision. Millions of Germans, the flower of the German youth, have found their graves in the Russian earth, but the end of the war has not yet come. All predictions of the German High Command of a speedy conclusion of the Eastern campaign have proved to be miscalculations.

At Stalingrad, where the greatest battle of destruction in the history of the world has been fought, the German Army, German youth are suffering terrible losses. The summer offensive has only prolonged the war. The mad attempts of Hitler are senseless; they only cost unnecessary and enormous sacrifices, but cannot avert Hitler's defeat. With your blood, comrades, Hitler wants to postpone his doom. He is driving Germany into the abyss.

In this hour so fateful for our Fatherland, we call upon you to come to your senses and to exert all your strength and energy in order to save our country from disaster. We ourselves must make an end to the war. But for that it is necessary to abolish the rule of the old warmongers. The sooner that happens the better it will be. Refuse to obey Hitler and his generals, refuse to let yourselves be driven to the slaughterhouse, to hopeless winter battles!

Be Daring and Rebel!

There has been enough of hesitation and uncertainty, of indecision and waiting. You, comrades, are a mighty force; in your hands

are the arms. Turn them against Hitler, the corrupter and destroyer of our youth, the arch enemy of Germany and humanity! Not Germany, but Hitler and his plutocratic clique must go under. German youth in Germany, create Free Youth Groups! Do not go to Labour Service! Sabotage war production wherever you can! Do not obey calling-up notices!

German youth in the army, become a daring organiser of the struggle against the Hitlerite war! Create Soldier Committees in the Air Force, Panzer Troops, Infantry and Artillery, in the Fleet and in the Communication Services. Go over to the Red Army!

German youth, the Fatherland calls you to the sacred fight for a new, free Germany. The motto to the youth must be:—

“Finish the war; down with Hitler and the war profiteers! For a People's Government which makes possible a just peace!”

The appeal was signed by 250 members of the Hitler Youth, many of whom hold official positions in the organisation and had been awarded Hitler Youth medals and orders, and some of whom also belonged to the S.A. and S.S. The text of the appeal was broadcast by Kuibishev Radio on October 22nd, 1942.

10 YEARS TRAINING FOR BARBARISM

by Werner Fischer

The confession of Dietrich, Nazi prisoner of war in Russian hands, revolts us German anti-fascists to the core. Within the last 10 years the Nazis have instilled their corrupt ideas into the young German generation and made a generation his murderous tools. Murder, rape, plunder and destruction is the order of the day for Hitler's Huns in their brutal debauchery through Europe. And yet this is the unspeakable tragedy: that ten years ago these self-same young people were ordinary, decent human beings.

Within the space of ten years the Nazis have succeeded in turning the rising young German generation back into deep barbarism; barbarians forgetful of the rich liberal German heritage: barbarians proud of their barbarity. Dietrich's confession shows how deeply the Nazi rot has eaten into young German minds.

Yet Dietrich is by no means one of the worst. If we can believe his confession, he was no more than a passive onlooker. He “only” watched the deliberate torture and murder of human

beings, without thought of protesting against the atrocities committed before his eyes. For there was no spark of human compassion left in Corporal Dietrich—ten years of Nazi rule have seen to that.

For 10 years of Nazi rule—and three years of those violent warfare have made no small section of the originally reluctant German people—and especially the young people—accessories to Nazi crimes.

The Nazis take young, raw soldiers along with them as witnesses to their abominable atrocities. Gradually these young men get hardened to the nauseating sights—and take the daily slaughter of human beings as part of their daily routine. Once inured to this, the young soldiers are gripped with the sadistic lust to kill and torture, and pass from the shameful role of spectators to the criminal role of henchmen.

Thus the young German Nazi has now been linked to the Nazi criminals: their fate henceforth is to be his fate. This is the point Nazi propaganda ceaselessly dins into his ear: day after day—month after month. Quoting foreign articles demanding the total annihilation of Germany they point out that the defeat of Germany means certain death to the Nazi soldier. Your only way out is to stick to the “Fuehrer,” says Nazi propaganda. And to the “Fuehrer” they stick: as instances the fanatic fight of the encircled Nazi soldiers round Stalingrad—with their insane itch to die a hero's death for their Fuehrer—although their position is hopeless and surrender made easy.

These are the facts: German fascists fighting like fury against hopeless odds.

Here is your young German generation. Its intellectual development thwarted by Nazi methods. All its human impulses, its generous ideas trammelled on and repressed by Nazi demagogues. Ready to obey the most idiotic command BECAUSE it is a command. Persuaded that they are the “Herrenvolk.” Believing—and passionately believing—that this is enough to give them complete authority over other nations and races. Encouraged to use any means to gain their ends; decorated for ruthlessness and special depravity. All this emerges clearly from Dietrich's testimony.

It took eight months captivity—during which he was treated in the most humane manner—for Dietrich's cerebral processes—clogged for so many years—to start moving. Only then Dietrich saw through the fantastic nightmare which had possessed him for the last ten years—only then did he turn in disgust from his demi-gop. Both as a human being and as a German he clearly saw that his

duty was to fight against Hitler. His conversion is identical with hundreds, thousands of German prisoners of war.

Yet, in spite of this, let us not relax into fatal, comfortable illusions. The only thing that will raise this young German generation, from its evil coma is force, brute, sheer, shattering force. Military defeats destroy their belief in their invincibility. And once this belief gone, the soil is prepared for fruitful ratiocination.

Last winter was a good example :—

Last winter many German prisoners in Russia were beginning to wonder . . . to think . . . It was also the time of the great Nazi retreat. This summer the fortunes of war were reversed and the Russians were retreating. This had an immediate effect on the German soldiers, and, once more, they sprouted hallucinations about the inevitability of a German victory. Military victories, therefore, serve a dual purpose : firstly, they bring us one step nearer to victory, and secondly, they break the morale of the Germans themselves, and make them receptive to Allied propaganda. It is the beginning of the re-education of German youth. Brute force, sowing the seeds of doubt—force compelling the Nazis to abandon their dream of a *Herrenvolk*—and force finally preparing the ground for the resumption of life in humane terms. Force is the key for the re-education of this German generation. Their schoolmasters are the Red Armies in their winter offensives, the Eighth Army in Libya, the First Army in North Africa : Our share in this operation is to produce the weapons for these soldiers to finish their "re-education" in the shortest possible time.

This, then, is the problem : a doped and fanatic young German generation must one day join in the life of post-war Europe ; no longer as barbarians, but as civilised human beings. The first decisive step towards the solution of this problem must be taken *now*, for unless the German Youth and Hitler can be separated, the immense casualties of this war will mount, and it will be fought to the bitter end. If a wedge could be driven between Hitler and his Youth, millions of lives on either side would be saved. These lives are at stake, and these lives demand a realistic policy. Neither Vansittart's racial theory and historical inaccuracies, nor the soft-souled illusions of those kind people who would forgive them in a wrongly-interpreted humanitarian spirit, will serve the Allied cause.

Vansittartism is a godsend to Dr. Goebels. Here is authentic proof that Germany is to be destroyed once and for all. Its immediate effect is to weld Hitler and his Youth even closer than before : Hitler, Fuehrer, save us from our enemies . . .

We must tell the German people that the fate of Germany is entirely in their own hands, that their enemies are those who have plunged

them into the grimmest and cruellest war of all history, and that it is those enemies they must seek to destroy, not helpless civilians in Europe.

This, then, is the solution. Military defeats to shake the German morale. Defeats will sow the germs of doubt and break their fanatic worship of their blood-crazy leaders. It will open their eyes to the abysmal depths into which they have been plunged. Then, if our propaganda can persuade them that by helping to destroy the Nazi clique they will regain their freedom, dignity and peace, the war will have been shortened and the foundations of a stable post-war society at any rate begun to have been established.

Again and again we must quote and insist on the Atlantic Charter : To each nation its freedom to live its own life, provided it does not impinge on its neighbours. Self-determination applies to the German people, but with this saving clause : they themselves must prove that they want this freedom. By turning against their oppressors the German people will have won the right to share in the new world of the United Nations.

This is what we must say to the young Germans. This, repeated often enough and, we hope, in all sincerity, will remove the illusion which, at the moment, makes Nazi soldiers fight to the last drop of blood. They themselves must realise that the fate of Germany is in their own hands.

We must co-ordinate our propaganda offensives with our military offensives. Total war demands the careful planning of propaganda as the fourth arm of attack. It aims to sap morale and bore from within. The Soviet Union is using this weapon with increasing success.

For the ultimate aim of all young people fighting against Fascism all over the world is not only its complete destruction, but also to safeguard for ever and ever Peace and Freedom, in their struggle for a new and a better world.

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(in commemoration of January 30th, 1933)

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